

Children of mine, monsters of the world

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Children of mine, monsters of the world

by [sircantus](#)

Summary

The necromancer steps back with a slight bit of fear, and her hand glows with magic. “Sit down.” She stammers, and Phil does so. “We have no choice. This is a matter of life or death, you’re one of our last shots.”

“You expect me to kill my children?”

“I expect you to kill those monsters and stop the apocalypse.”

Phil smiles. It's a smile with a quiet anger.

In which Phil is revived, but only as a way to try and stop the apocalypse, and to kill his sons.

Obviously, Phil doesn't agree.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Phil wakes up clawing his way out of the ground, spitting out dirt and gasping for air.

He digs his way out of his own grave, his wings shaking the dirt off of them, trying to stretch out his feathers after they've been held closed for so long. There's someone in front of him as he coughs and struggles to breathe, and they give meaningless words as Phil panics quite a bit, and tries to figure out what's going on.

He kneels down on the ground, gasping for air, trying hard to breathe, like if he doesn't take in his breaths now, he'll lose the chance. The dirt is cool underneath his palms, and his clothes feel heavy on him, dirt stuck in his shirt, his sleeves, his hair.

"-just take a moment, it'll pass, I suggest you keep trying to take slow breaths-" The stranger says, and Phil coughs again, his hand grabbing at the necklace hanging in front of his chest.

What's happened? He tries to think, tries to wonder as to why he's in the *ground*, tries to remember what happened last, tries to think as to where his sons are.

The amulet at the end of his necklace is cracked. No longer glowing, no longer working.

Phil's entire body goes rigid, and everything comes flowing back. He remembers bleeding out on the ground, remembers the sharp chill of fear stabbing him through the heart, remembers the way he has been surrounded, his wings injured, his sons nowhere to be found, still at home, still *unaware*-

He looks behind him, and there's an overwhelming wash of fear and horror when he sees the dead flowers, a simple gravestone, and letters.

Letters . With his sons' names on them.

No. No, no-

There's a woman in front of Phil, skittish and wary, but she's still talking, still trying to tell Phil that he'll settle into it, it takes a moment. She's dressed in dark robes, her face hidden behind a simple black mask, and her hands are held out towards Phil, magic humming around her fingertips.

"What happened?" Phil tries to ask, and his voice comes out hoarse and scratchy. He coughs, and tries again. "Where are my sons?"

"Give me a moment." The woman responds, and it fills Phil with a quiet frustration. "I'm still finishing up the spell. Necromancy is a process."

"What *happened*?"

"You died, sir." She answers, straight to the point. "You've been dead for a while. I'm here on a bit of a mission, but first, I need to finish this up."

Magic swirls around Phil, floating through the air and over his head, and Phil continues trying to breathe, trying to grasp what's going on. There's a slow working fear that's starting to make him want to curl up and scream, and then strangle a person or two.

He's dead.

Or was dead.

And while that's concerning, the only thing that is even more terrifying is that Phil doesn't know where his children are, and their letters are on his *grave* .

Phil reaches for the paper, and finds himself pulled back with an unknown force. A strange weight settles in the middle of his chest, and Phil grabs at his broken necklace again, finding

it to be glowing a faint purple now.

“There.” The woman says. “Done.”

Phil ignores her and goes to grab for the letters, picking them up and holding them close to his chest. He climbs to his feet, huffing a bit and shaking his wings once more, trying to get all the dirt off.

“Angel of Death?” The necromancer says, and Phil turns to her with narrowed eyes.

“Phil.”

She shrugs. “Walk with me. Your home isn’t far, you can clean yourself up, and then I have a lot to tell you.”

Phil frowns a bit, wants to demand who she is, what's to ask what’s happening right now, and where are his sons, but she turns her back and starts walking away. Phil finds himself following, like something is pulling him along.

The letter in his hands makes him feel like falling apart all over again, and he wants more than anything to know what’s going on.

If he’s died, then what’s happened? How much time has passed? And who is this stranger that’s apparently saved his life?

His necklace is broken. It was broken for a while, and he knows that’s why he died, because the magic fizzled out, and there were too many enemies for him to fight.

He wonders how his sons found him.

The fear comes back in waves, and Phil feels absolute panic at the idea of his kids finding his body, his *dead* body on the ground. How did they react? How did they cry?

Is it too late for Phil to even try and comfort them?

The house is eerily silent when they walk in, and it's too empty. The front door is broken, someone having forced their way inside, and Phil feels a twinge of annoyance at that fact. He goes to walk through his home, goes to search for his children in their rooms, to see if they are still around.

"Go wash up, I'll wait over here." The necromancer tells him, and Phil pauses in his quick steps down the hallway, and against his wishes, he goes to listen. Even with his mind staying on one thing, even with how much he wants to yell for his children and ask what's going on, he listens.

It's not voluntary.

There's a new quiet fear now, with that sudden action. His necklace still glows a faint purple, and Phil realizes something is terribly wrong. He puts the letters down, even though he wants to read them, wants to try and figure out where his sons have gone, and he finds his hands grabbing at a new set of clothes, clean clothes.

His hat is sitting innocently on his bed, as if it was placed there by someone. There's still bloodstains on it. His blood.

Phil feels a quiet anger spark to life. It's sharp, burning hot, and he scowls as he goes to take a shower, washing away the dirt in his hair, washing away the remains of being buried in the ground.

He tries to take the necklace off, and it burns his hand as he does so. It confirms his suspicions. Whoever that woman is, she's saved Phil, but she's also chained something onto him.

And Phil hates it.

He dresses as fast as he can, breathes in deep and tries to breath out steadily. He's still in a bit of shock, to be honest, he still can't process the fact he had died, had left his family behind. He remembers nothing, it's like no time has passed, but he's here.

He's alive, again.

Do his sons know?

Phil brushes a hand through his feathers and goes back into his room to read the letters that were left behind.

Each one is like a new piece of flammable wood added to the flame.

Techno's is full of guilt, full of sorrow and pain, and fierce loyalty that was useless then. Phil sits down on his bed, reading through the words quickly, so the stranger in his living room won't be suspicious of the time he's taking to wash off the dirt.

'I'm so sorry I couldn't do anything-' Techno's words read, and the paper crumples in Phil's grip. *'-if I was there I would've stopped it, I swear. If you were here, I'd protect you with my whole life, I swear it. But you're gone, and I didn't even save you, all I could do is carry you home-'*

Phil moves on to Wilbur's letter, gritting his teeth, feeling the fire grow more and more in his chest. The words on the paper are bitter, angry, and Phil's eyes swim with tears.

'-I killed every last person who killed you, but it doesn't help. I feel so furious at the way you've gone cold and quiet, and I can't do anything at all. All I want now is for you to hug me and tell me it's going to be okay, and yet I can't have that at all. How unfair. All of it is unfair. If it could've been me instead of you, I would've done it in a heartbeat-'

Phil feels like there's a roaring flame inside of him, demanding to burn something, someone, to ashes, and tears roll down his face as his hands shake. He goes for Tommy's letter.

It's a short, simple paragraph. And the first sentence breaks Phil entirely.

'Dad,' It says, and Phil sobs, shakes as he leans down, curls in on himself. 'I miss you a lot. Your bed keeps being cold at night, and no matter how much I try to lay there for you, it doesn't feel right-'

Phil puts the third letter beside him, chokes on his tears as he realizes his sons think he's dead, he was dead, he was dead, and they had to see that, experience that-

And now-?

"Oh." The woman from before is hovering at the doorway, and she tilts her head. "I was wondering what was taking you a while."

Phil laughs bitterly, palms pressed into his eyes. He sniffs, takes a solid minute to try and compose himself, and he looks towards her.

"Explain what the hell is going on, so I can go and find my sons already."

"I'll be blunt." She says, and reaches into her sleeve to pull out a piece of paper, while also explaining who she is, what she's here for.

She's a necromancer, a rarity among the lands, and she's a rather powerful one too. She came here on a mission, broke into this house in order to find Phil, for the apocalypse has come, and she wanted to try and find a way to stop it, to try and save the world.

She came here for Phil.

No, she came here, for the Angel of Death.

She gives Phil another letter, Wilbur's words, a warning and a threat, and Phil realizes where his sons have gone. They've gone to act out their anger and grief, and Phil feels cold at the realization that they've been pushed too far.

Phil was the last straw.

His children fell to their fates, the fates that were pushed onto them time and time again, the same fates Phil had refused to let stay, and yet.

And yet.

"They've killed countless innocent lives, now." The woman tells him, and Phil reads Wilbur's letter, feels himself shatter a little more at the mention of Technoblade in the garden, Tommy, crying, with no true way to console him- "There has to be a way to stop them. They've killed armies with ease, brought down the best magic-users, and so we've been trying to look for any other solutions. The next one was you."

"Me." Phil repeats.

"The Angel of Death." She says, and Phil looks up from the words in his hands. "You know what you have to do, don't you? You're the only one who can get close enough to-"

"Never." Phil hisses, standing to his feet. "Do not even suggest that."

The necromancer steps back with a slight bit of fear, and her hand glows with magic. "Sit down." She stammers, and Phil does so. "We have no choice. This is a matter of life or death, you're one of our last shots."

“You expect me to kill my children?”

“I expect you to kill those monsters and stop the apocalypse.”

Phil smiles. It's a smile with a quiet anger. The necklace hanging from his neck hums quietly with magic, and Phil can feel the weight on his chest, the weight on his soul.

“You’re quite brave.” Phil says quietly. “The courage you have, to be breaking into my home, commanding me to do the unthinkable, to kill the very children I’ve raised-?”

“The spell I’ve put won’t break.” She says, fist held to her chest. “You’ll listen, that’s all. This is something out of necessity.”

“You’ve brought me back to life.” Phil says softly. “And I’m grateful for that.”

He stands up from the bed, taking a step towards the necromancer.

“But. You’ve gone and threatened my children-”

“Sit down.” She orders, hands glowing purple, and Phil grabs the necklace, and snaps it off.

The magic fizzles out.

What good is such magic to a being that’s connected to such a powerful prophecy?

Phil is not human. And he is far from weak, even when he has just been brought back from death.

Phil is a monster, just like his children, and what good is this magic to someone who's been surrounded by far stronger magic for the past several years?

“-you’ve put a spell on me to try and make me some sort of weapon-?”

“Get back!”

“-you’ve had the courage to try and *force* my hand-!”

The necromancer turns her back and tries to run, and Phil grabs her by the arm, gives out a terrible snarl, and his claws grab out, towards her neck-

There’s blood staining the floor, and Phil lets her fall onto the ground.

He goes to grab his hat from his room, places it on top of his head with careful hands.

Phil leaves behind his home, and goes to fly through the skies.

He’s going to find his children, and gods help whoever dares to stand in his way.

End Notes

I'm tired! And also this was written with like 25% effort, so maybe I'll polish it up some other time, but rn it's just gonna be kinda meh.

Thanks for reading

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